

The Mad-mans Morrice; Or,

A warning for young men to have a care,
How they in love intangled are :
Wherein by experience you shall find,
His trouble and grief, wth discontent of mind,
To a pleasant new Tune.



HEARD you not lately of a man,
that went besides his wits,
And naked through the streets he ran,
wraapt in his frantick fits :
By honest Neighbours it is I;
heark how the people flout me,
See where the mad man comes, they cry,
with all the boys about me.
Into a Pond stark naked I ran,
and cast away my cloaths fir,
Without the help of any man,
made shift to get away fir :
How I got out, I have forgot,
I do not well remember,
Or whether it were cold or hot,
in June or in December.
Tom Bedlams but a sage to be,
I speak in sober sadness,
For more strange visions do I see,
then he in all his madness ;

When first to me this chance befel,
about the market walkt I,
With capons feather in my cap,
and to my self thus talkt I.
Did you not see my love of late,
like Titan in her glory ?
Did you not know she was my mate,
and I must write he story,
With Pen of gold on silver leaf,
I will so much befriend her,
For why I am of that belief,
none can so well commend her.
Saw you not Angels in her eyes,
whilst that she was a speaking ?
Smelt you not smells like Paradise,
between to rubies breaking ;
Is not her hair more pure then gold,
of finest spiders spinning ?
Methinks in her I do behold,
my joys and woes beginning.

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my days and words beginning.



I **N**ot a dimple in her cheek,
each eye a Star that's starting:
Is not all graces instald in her,
each step all joys imparting,
Methinks I see her in a cloud,
with graces round about her,
To them I call and cry aloud,
I cannot live without her.

When raging toward the sky I roar,
thinking to catch her hand,
O then to Jove I call and cry,
to let her by me stand:
I look behind and there I saw,
my shadow me beguile,
I wish she were as near to me,
which makes my wo:thip smile.

There is no creature can compare,
with my beloved Nancy.
Thus I build Castles in the Air,
this is the fruit of fancy:
My thoughts mount high above the sky,
Of none I stand in awe,
Although my body here doth lye
upon a pad of straw.

I was as good a harmles youth
before base Cupid caught me,
O his own Mother with her charms,
into this charge hath brought me,
Stript and whipt now must I be,
in Bedlam bound in chains,
Good people now you all may see
what love hath for his pains.

When I was young as others are,
with gallants I did flourish,
O then I was the proudest Lad,
that was in all the parish



The Bracelets which I us'd to wear,
about my arms so tender,
Are turned into Iron plates
about my body slender.

My silken suits do now decay,
my cups of gold are banished,
And all my friends do wear away,
as I from them were banished:
My silver cups are turn'd to earth,
I'm fear'd of every clown,
I was a better man by birth,
till Fortune cast me down.

I'm out of frame and temper too,
though I am somewhat chearful,
O this can love and fancy do,
if that you be not careful.
O set a watch before your eyes,
least they betray your heart,
And make you slaves to vanities
to act a mad mans part.

Declare this to each Mothers Son,
unto each honest Lad,
Let them not do as I have done,
least they like me grow mad.
If Cupid strike be sure of this,
let reason rule affection,
So shalt thou never do amiss,
by reasons good direction.

I have no more to say to you,
my keepers now do chide me,
Now I must bid you all adieu,
God knows what will betide me,
To picking straits now must I go,
my time in Bedlam spending,
Good folks you your beginning know
but do not know your ending.

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